

THE

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UNFORTUNATE LADY.

A

POEM,

IN IMITATION OF

AN OLD PAMPHLET.



HUNGERFORD:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by F. VENTRIS, between the Bridges.

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THE

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

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P. O. E. M.



AN OLD PAPER.

HUNTER & CO.

Printed by H. B. ...

...



T H E

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

FROM far, where yonder lofty summits rise
Above the waves, and shoot into the skies;
Where waving wood with nods salute the earth--

E R R A T A.

P. 10. L. 152, for melting, read neighing.

P. 11. L. 173, for did, read should.

P. 7. L. 101. for mistress, read master.

His manners large, no wants he e'er did know.
Some beaut'ous maid he swears shall bless his bed,
I love him well, and all my love's repaid.
He'll take me on his knee, and with his arms 15
Will force me to his breast, and feast upon my charms;
Sweet

UNFORTUNATE LADY.
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

P. O. E. M.

E. R. R. A. T. A.

P. 10. L. 152, for ending, read neighing.
P. 11. L. 173, for read should.
P. 7. L. 101, for reads, read master.



H. U. N. G. E. R. T. O. R. D.

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the British Museum.

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T H E

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

FROM far, where yonder lofty summits rise
Above the waves, and shoot into the skies;
Where waving wood with nods salute the earth--
Where spreading herbs salute a summers birth---
Where some fair castle to the Heaven aspires: 5
There Athwold lives;---The Lord of my desires.
Mild in his manners, graceful in his air,
Temper'd as Socrat's, and as Paris fair;
By Pallas fir'd, he claims a soldiers name,
And wreaths of Laurels crown his spotless fame: 10
By Plautus blest'd his coffers overflow,
His manners large, no wants he e'er did know.
Some beaut'ous maid he swears shall bless his bed, 1
I love him well, and all my love's repaid.
He'll take me on his knee, and with his arms 15
Will force me to his breast, and feast upon my charms;
Sweet

4 THE UNFORTUNATE LADY.

Sweet are his smiles, and from his honey tongue
 My praises drop, in softest accents sung.
 Full six long weeks are past as 'tis reveal'd,
 Since death his fathers lips in silence seal'd; 20
 Full six long weeks before the deathful hour,
 The Earl, his son, debauched my virgin flow'r--
 Yet vow'd he'd make me his espous'd wife
 To crown his days, his downward stage of life;
 In spite of all the oaths his father swore, 25
 Who vow'd his son should flight and turn me o'er---
 But why my virgins, why this long delay,
 Arise my maids prepare the nuptial day,
 E're Athwold comes to welcome me away.

In waving ringlets bind my golden hair--- 30
 Bathe ev'ry limb to make me fresh and fair---
 Bind, bind his presents round my Lilly arms,
 The bracelets which he sent to grace my charms;
 They're precious gifts, and well maidens prove
 That precious gifts are tokens of true love. 35

Within my womb I feel the infant play,
 My sweetest care, my Athwold's dearest joy;

Lie

Lie still my babe, my darling yet unborn,
 Nor skip till Athwold sounds his bugle horn:
 E're Phœbus more shall seek the distant west, 40
 Thou'lt be with Athwold and a father blest—
 No bastards name shall ever dote on thee;
 Thou born an Earl, an Earl shall ever be—
 Obtain thy fathers arms, and bear his name,
 Aspire to wisdom and transcend his fame. 45

How thrills my blood along the purple vein,
 How pants my heart my dearest to obtain;
 I would---My Lord, my Lover and my Friend
 Was in my arms, (then would my sorrows end);
 That I might doat on his connubial charms, 50
 Forget his Sire, and know no future harms;
 Nor dread the name of Strumpet, Stew and W---
 Hateful to men and to the righteous power.

But why my virgins, why this silent sleep,
 Clos'd are your eyes, but mine are left to weep; 55
 The nightly owl, so long in dark renown'd,
 Makes the old porch with hollow shrieks resound;
 Away vain bird, forbear thy horrid din,
 No angry sound shall wellcome Athwold in:

* *

Thy

Thy dismal song disturbs my anxious breast, 60
And far denies my cares the sweet repose of rest.

How can you still in silent sleep repose
My virgins fair, and thus your eye-lids close;
Say don't you hear the mournful tolling bell,
Or who 'tis for the woeful tidings tell; 65

And can't you speak?--Then sleep awhile my fair,
'Tis labour bids forgetfulness of care:

Despight of bells, of owls, or ghosts you sleep,
Whilst mournfull I am left to watch and weep;
But blest mine eyes, without a ray of light 70

I see an object---Athwold my delight
Close at my feet:---But at this dreadful hour
How could he enter?---How the bars o'er power?

O stay my Lord till next revolving night,
First at the altar Hymen's torch shall light; 75

Loud howls the wind, the surges beat the shore,
The sturdy mastiffs round their stations roar:

The silver frost steals o'er the plying grass---
How didst thou Athwold 'scape the deep morass?

Sad is thy mien--Why looks my lover so? 80

Thy rosy cheeks turn white as mountain snow?

Speak

Speak dearest life, my maids are at thy will;
I'll ring them up---I fear my Lord is ill;
Cold are thy limbs, besmear'd with silver frost,
Thy beauty's wither'd and thy vigour lost: 85
Whence spring those sorrows? Whence those heaving
: sighs
From side to side? Why roll those glaring eyes?
Why shakes my Lord the honours of his head?
O come my love and warm thee in my bed:
Nay, speak my Lord; let silence leave thy tongue, 90
And tune thy voice to some enchanting song.
Oft hast thou sung and Maria was thy theme;
Thy Maria I, and Derwent sounds my fame:
But to those questions why no kind replies?
Why still remain those sorrows and those sighs? 95
With looks as pale as his, my servants bore
Lifeless and cold, on Derwent's winding shore;
Thy beck'ning finger shews dread absence nigh,
And still I question for a dumb reply:
Salute my lips, and e're thou dost depart, 100
Know this, my Lord. Thou'rt **master** of my heart.
Nay

Nay stay my life---Can'st thou from Maria rove?
 Short absence only is a Death in Love.
 He's gone!---And tears, and pressing words (I find)
 In truth and love, are naught but empty wind. 105
 Once more I call---My drowsy maids awake,
 My lover's gone; the whole foundations shake:
 How can you sleep when Maria bids you rise?
 Who taught you art, and bid you still be wise?

M A I D S.

Up, sister's up, forsake the regal bed 110
 With flow'rs emboss'd, and shaggy carpets spread,
 Our mistress calls, hear her repeated cries;
 Whilst eccho only to her voice replies.
 Has mad'ning frenzy or some fouler fiend
 (Those base disturbers of most womankind) 115
 Possess'd your brain, O wond'rous Lady say?
 Or why d'ye call, e're light restores the day?

L A D Y.

Peace, virgins peace, the gloomy King severe,
 Whom all obey, has took his station here;

I saw

I saw my Lord, a spectre at my bed--- 120
 My Lord's no more, he's number'd with the dead.

M A I D S.

Fear not dear Mistress, nor expand your power,
 Your Lord will come to bless your longing hour;
 He still survives to praise your spreading fame;
 No ghost was here, 'tis all a frantic dream: 125
 But yester eve his way was fully bent
 To Baron Ogar's, (near the winding Trent)
 Who will attend at the Hymenæal hour---
 See him a husband, you a maid no more.

L A D Y.

Yet be it true---I saw him at my bed, 130.
 His visage pale!--I spoke---He nothing said;
 At first I thought it really was my dear,
 But now I guess he ghost-like did appear.

M A I D S.

O calm those pangs tumult'ous in your breast,
 Your Lord's alive;---the same we all attest: 135
 No lover pass'd the rappid Derwent stream---
 No ghost was here---'tis all a frantic dream.

LADY.

L A D Y.

If not by you my story is believ'd;
 Or if by you, your Lady is deceived;
 Bring me those robes that may my Love invite, 140
 Of purple dye, and purest native white:
 Tho' I this day shall Athwold's glory rise,
 Those tears still force a passage through my eyes;
 Those tears my Lord so frequent wip'd away,
 Whilst in his sweet embrace I melting lay. 145

Now from yon East in purple colour bright,
 Aurora fair reveals the promis'd light;
 Haste then kind healer, make no more delay,
 My pangs increases with thy length'ning stay:
 Thy melting sounds with raptures let me hear, 150
 For all thy words are music to my ear;
 And let me hear thy ^{neighing} ~~melting~~ couriers bound
 With batt'ring hoofs along the ductile ground,
 Whilst thy shrill horn still deeper notes resound.

Why doest the thunders roar, the tempest rise 155
 And gloomy clouds disturb the azure skies;
 The Derwent stream displays a purple hue,
 Loud shriek his spirits, and with anger too:

Fear

Fear steals my blood, my vigour feels decay,
And by degrees my beauty pines away. 160

Be hush'd ye winds, ye thunders cease to roar,
Be calm ye tempests, rouse the waves no more;
Or who can o'er the boiling surges pass,
And save his carcass from the deep morass:
Lord of the earth, and sea, and air, and sky, 165
Protect my Love to bless my wishful eye;
Rejoice my virgins, don't you hear the sound
Of prancing horses tramp'ring o'er the ground:
Accurs'd the porter, (rather might I say)

Ignorant wight, why turns he not the key--- 170
Shall Athwold wait? No; let his Lordship pass
The lofty gate, and leave the deep morass:
Why ~~the~~^{should} the drawbridge my lov'd mate deny,
To tempt the deep, and threat'ning waves defy.

Rejoice my babe, my infant yet unborn, 175
Rouse to the sound of Athwold's bugle horn;
The swift wing'd moments seem to lag behind,
And couriers pause, that still outstrip the wind.
To meet her Lord (her Lord, alas no more)
She hast'ly sped, and her fair garments tore; 180

She

She stumb'ling fell, fast by the thresholds side,
 And both her hands in reeking purple dy'd;
 But Love, fond Love, whose faculty is great,
 No danger fears, or knows a base retreat:
 Quick rose the Lady, senseless of each wound, 185
 And lightly skim'd along the level ground:
 What pen can paint the horrors which ensu'd---
 The swelling torments in her mind imbru'd;
 When near the gates, thoughtless of ill she drew,
 She saw a corps, and well the corps she knew; 190
 Of Athwold, taken on the Derwent shore,
 Who fell a victim on his passage o'er.
 She swoon'd---she fell---and raving with despair,
 Beat her white breast, and tore her braided hair;
 Her swimming eyes disdains to view the light, 195
 And seeks the deep recesses of the night:
 Her spirits leaves its cage, where long confin'd
 And mounting upwards, mingles with the wind.

F I N I S.



